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- Just Another Day. -

{ASHFUR POV}

He had been wandering through the trees in a dark, New-leaf night. The flowers bloomed and the trees practically sang in harmony and growth- and all was right. Except one thing. One cat. One She-cat. She had been the love of his life, the one who would be for him, his destiny! But he was all wrong. One tom, changed the course and direction of his life. Brambleclaw. He swooped in like a hawk and stole Squirrelflight from him. As his feeling got worse, worse, and worse, the only peace he could find himself to be in was in the forest. Near the Riverclan border- to be exact. The smooth, rippling wave of the river soothed him and was nearly the only thing that made his neck fur stay down. But he made sure to not get too close to the border, as to not upset a Riverclan cat. But as he sat a few tail-lengths away, he checked the air. No Riverclan warriors- plus it was night. Also- Riverclan warriors are understanding. At least, that's what Riverclan demands they are. And if he were to be stealing prey, who cares? Riverclan cats need a lay off from the scaly, slippery, chunky fish once in a while.

Having made up his mind, he shuffled right near the lake. He was as calm as ever. The water slightly flowed on his paws as he sat, staring into the shiny river which reflected Silverpelt. He did a deep exhale and all his worries drifted away. He had blinked heavily and noticed a strong Riverclan scent. He anxiously looked around and assumed it was just their scent drifting along the wind. Until heavy paws flew down on his shoulders and his back hit the ground with a thump. He snarled in defiance, trying to struggle out of the powerful Riverclan cat's grasp. A deep, raspy voice hissed at him.

"What are you doing so close to our border?!"

Ashfur recognized this cat's voice. He heard the voice at Gatherings, speaking to Brambleclaw. This must be Hawkfrost! Oh no! "Let me

get up to explain myself!"
Ashfur spoke, trying to sound as calm as he could. When Hawkfrost grunted and shuffled off, Ashfur sprang up, shaking a burr out his pelt. "I was *trying* to look at the lake." Ashfur growled angrily, his hackles raised. Hawkfrost grumbled. "That lake is not yours to get up all in." The growl from the huge muscular tom made Ashfur shiver, the deep voice hitting him right in a spot where it stung. "It was an accident. Plus, I wasn't on your territory!" He spat. Hawkfrost snarled. "It better not happen again." The muscular tom said, slowly walking away, casting side glances at Ashfur before he cleared the river in one leap. He couldn't help but admire Hawkfrost though, he was loyal to his borders and camp.
Ashfur had thought he should be getting home. He turned away and weaved through the trees, then he approached the tunnel, dipping his head at Whitewing, the warrior on guard. as his grey pelt brushed the side of the sandy tunnel. He broke out into the sandy clearing, the intriguing scent of the fresh kill pile guiding his paws. As he halted in front of the pile full with prey, he picked up a mouse by the tail and trotted to the warriors den, stopping abruptly as his eyes glared into a hole in the brambles covering the warriors den. His neck fur shot up as he saw dark brown fur and a light ginger coat curled up together. He took a step back, not allowing himself to look at it. It hurt to much. Knowing nobody will ever love him. Squirrelflight was his only chance at love, and she is gone. Gone out of his life.
He padded up to a flat stone near the warrior den and laid on it, the soothing smooth surface of the rock slightly calming him as he took a slow bite out of the mouse.
He had lost his appetite and his stomach knotted in pain and sadness. But, even though he had lost his interest in the mouse, he took another bite anyway, Forcing himself to finish it. As he finished and stood on the rock, he slipped clumsily and staggered awkwardly. His head swung around, making sure nobody saw his embarrassing stumble. He rose his head and trotted through the drapery that is the entrance of the warriors den. His heart stung as he caught eye of Brambleclaw and Squirrelflight sleeping lovingly together. He forced himself to look away and make his way to his nest, stepping over Cloudtail and Dustpelt until his paws sunk into the familiar moss. He lowered himself into a sleeping position and closed his eyes drowsily. Sleep captured him and everything went

black.

Hey you there!

Thanks for reading the first part, I'm gonna take my time with this so another part may not be out soon

MY WATTPAD EMAIL IS NOT WORKING AT THE TIME SO GIVE ME A SECOND TO FIGURE THAT OUT!!!

-catlafu

- Riverclan's Issue -

[HAWKFROST POV]

It had been one day since the border scandal with a grey Thunderclan warrior by the name Ashfur, and it had been the least of his worries. Riverclan was dealing with a Two-leg problem. The Two-legs waltzed up to the river like they owned it and put white foul smelling powdery stuff in it. It made the fish rise to the top, on their side, dead and rotting. It had almost totally shut their food supply. He had been out on a border patrol when an apprentice caught the eye of many dead polluting fish in the river, and the Two-legs right in the act.

When he got back Leopardstar announced the problem, but he thought it wasn't a big deal. Two-legs have always done stuff to the fish and the river, and everyone assumed it would pass. "Clan dismissed." Leopardstar meowed, bounding sharply off of the Highrock and saying a word or two with Mistyfoot. She nodded and turned to the clearing. She trotted up to Hawkfrost. "Hi, Hawkfrost. Could you please lead a hunting patrol?" Mistyfoot asked, and he nodded. She bounded away to who knows where as Hawkfrost turned his head and walked towards Blackclaw and Voletooth, which were conversing in hushed mews.
As he approached though, they stopped talking and turned to him. "Blackclaw and Voletooth, would you mind if you could come on a hunting patrol with me?" Hawkfrost asked. Blackclaw nodded and rose up onto his paws. Voletooth hesitated though, but soon got to his paws. "Should I bring Minnowpaw as well?" He asked, and Hawkfrost nodded.
As Voletooth stumbled away to get his apprentice, Blackclaw stared at him. "This a hunting patrol?" He asked, probably trying to make small talk while they waited for Voletooth to clumsily get Minnowpaw. "Yeah." He responded, looking out into the lush greenery rather then looking at Blackclaw. He then heard footsteps approaching and he turned back to see Minnowpaw with Voletooth bounding up.

"Let's go," Voletooth spoke. Hawkfrost nodded and turned, approaching the exit to the Riverclan camp and clearing the river in one leap. The others were behind him and he went to the most plentiful fishing spot in Riverclan territory. It was in sight but still a little away.
"What do you smell?" Voletooth asked Minnowpaw. "Uhm." He heard the light apprentice's voice speak nervously and shakily. "Two-legs.." Soon the patrol stopped and looked around. A Two-leg was bent over at the plentiful prey spot, and put the foul powder in it. Soon, it reached its paw into the river and out came a plump fish, dead, and grasped firmly in its paw which was covered by a latex glove.
The Two-legs were actually stealing their prey! No Thunderclan, Windclan, Shadowclan, TWO-LEGS! Then they looked around again. Two-legs were *everywhere.* They all had a bucket next to them overflowing with fish.
Then a strong Two-leg scent took the patrol by surprise. Then they looked to the side of them and a Two-leg had its paws extended and it grabbed Minnowpaw!
The apprentice yowled with fear and Hawkfrost, Blackclaw, and Voletooth all lunge at the Two-legs face, causing it to screech its weird language. The Two-leg got so taken aback it dropped Minnowpaw, and she dashed off towards the camp. Hawkfrost leaped off the Two-leg and flicked his tail. "Come on!" He shouted to Blackclaw and Voletooth.
He dashed off, not even making sure they were following him. He practically flew over the river into the camp and nearly ran into Reedwhisker, but he made a sharp turn and stopped at Mistyfoot's blue coat. Minnowpaw was explaining what happened in quick gasps, and he could tell the apprentice was in shock. He flicked his tail on Minnowpaw's shoulder. "Go see Mothwing. Your in shock." He muttered.
The apprentice stumbled away and he looked at Mistyfoot. "These Two-legs are a problem." She nodded. "Well, should we retreat back to the gathering place?" Hawkfrost bit back a snarl. That was a way of telling the rest of the Clans they were weak. "It's up to Leopardstar." He murmured, dipping his head. He trotted away and looked around him. The only part of their territory that wasn't full of Two-legs was the Thunderclan border. He could retreat to there and let his mind wander.. but then he remembered the border

scandal with Ashfur. He shook his head though,
He couldn't possibly be there two days in a row!

- A Relaxing Encounter -

ASHFUR POV

It had been an ordinary day for Thunderclan, and it was afternoon now. Couples gathered to share tongues, while Ashfur gulped down a vole. His eyes scanned the clearing as he swallowed the last bit of vole. Then his eyes glared at Brambleclaw and Squirrelflight happily sharing tongues. His claws unsheathed. He wanted to run up and slash both of their faces off, the thought of Brambleclaw's face being a mess of blood and slashes, grey fur falling on his dismembered face. He snapped back when he realized he shuffled up and was slowly making his way over to Brambleclaw. By.. default? He shook himself. He wanted to rip apart his face so bad, but he wouldn't.

He couldn't.

He turned his head right and realized the tunnel was there. *Yes, just what I need!* He bounced towards then he heard an agonizing voice, the voice he hated. "Where are you going?" Brambleclaw asked from behind him. Ashfur thought he could fee" his world dying by the sound of his horrible voice. "Hunting." He made himself say it in a normal voice, but if he didn't, he would probably snarl and slash his eye open while at it. He didn't even wait for Brambleclaw to respond, he just bounded up the tunnel, breaking out into the open forest.

He needed to relax his mind. As he padded slowly on the soft grass, the smell of a robin caught his attention. He detected it and dropped into a hunters crouch, making his pawsteps blend in with the sound of the barely flowing wind as he caught sight of the red feathers. He readied his haunches, then lunged! He saw a mix of brown fur before a pain hit the top of his head and he closed his eyes. He fell back, his eyes opening immediately as he jumped up to see who was detecting the same prey as him. He was very confused when he smelt a Riverclan scent and saw Hawkfrost from last night.

"What are you doing on Thunderclan territory?" He asked, more confused then hostile. Hawkfrost stood with the robin in his jaws. He dropped it. "Okay, sorry I'm stealing prey, but Riverclan has a problem. A BAD one." He seemed to hiss, like he didn't want to say it but it was his only choice. Ashfur padded closer. "What is it?" He asked, and the aggressive glimmer in Hawkfrost's sharp blue eyes disappeared. "Will you tell anyone?" The muscular tabby tom asked as he sat. Ashfur felt like being friendly today. He walked next to Hawkfrost and sat beside him. "No, I won't, and if you told me I could help maybe."
"Well, Riverclan has a Two-leg problem. They are everywhere, polluting our waters and taking all the fish. Our only resort is land animals- and they're barely any." He explained. Ashfur took a moment to study Hawkfrost. He didn't even notice the tom was leaner than an average Riverclan cat, he disguised it well. "Well I could help by letting you have this robin." Ashfur swatted the fresh-kill over to the broad-shouldered tom. "Oh, thank you." He murmured in surprise. He hesitantly grabbed the robin and dipped his head at Ashfur gratefully before disappearing into the undergrowth that was leading towards the Riverclan border.
He was surprised nobody had caught Hawkfrost, because he was deep in the territory. He glad nobody did though. He shuddered. *Wait, why am I glad?! He was on our territory and stealing prey..* he found himself to not care. All he could think about was Hawkfrost. He got up and shook his thoughts away, he stepped backwards and ran through the bushes and weeds, weaving through the trees like he knew each one like the back of his paw. He finally found the familiar tunnel. He didn't even notice Birchfall on guard. His mind was racing and.. it was.. *it was joyful!* He had felt like this when he met Squirrelflight.
Why?

- The Heartbroken Thunderclan Warrior -

HAWKFROST POV

He took a glance around before he leapt the border into Riverclan territory. It was just turning nightfall, and his expedition into Thunderclan territory was victorious. He had known Ashfur better, and told them Riverclan's problem. *Why did I trust him so much?* He never trusted anyone, barely. Especially from another Clan! What if Ashfur told Firestar? Hawkfrost just had a feeling he wouldn't, though. Before he entered camp he sniffed the bird. It reeked of Thunderclan. He rolled it in the Riverclan dirt to make it seem like he hadn't been stealing prey. *I'm ashamed in myself. But I had to do it for the good of my Clan.*

That phrase raced through his head as he skillfully leaped across the stepping stones into the Riverclan camp. He turned towards the nursery and dropped the robin in, dipping his head at a queen which he didn't bother to examine to know her name. He stepped around the camp. There was to much on his mind. He needed to get it out. But, not yet, as sleep tugged at his eyelids and his legs ached with running around all day. He slowly walked his way over to the warriors den, stepping over a few cats before finding his nest. He would go asleep hungry tonight. Probably for a little while. He lowered himself then curled up, his tail flicking over his nose. He shut his eyes and everything when dark.

ASHFUR POV [**IM SORRY I JUST DONT KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO FOR HAWKFROST 💀 💀**]

TW: Not wanting to live (?)

His eyes fluttered open as sunlight beamed through the barriers of the warriors den. He shot to his paws, mistaking the time for a little later than it was. Then he discovered Cloudtail, Berrynose, Dustpelt, and Brackenfur all curled up in their nests, sleeping soundly. It had

to be just sunrise. He exhaled a bit of relief and broke way through the brambles covering the entrance to the warriors den. His paws battered the sandy ground of the clearing for a second, then he bent down in a stretch, his limbs sorta starting to ache. Whatever, it had been long days preparing for this new territory. He looked around, then saw 'tHe BeSt CoUpLe In ThE fOrEsT' sharing a juicy mouse together. His heart ached. Nobody could be for him. He was just lonely, ol' Ashfur.

Nobody would ever love him.

As he came to the realization, the pain was to much. He felt as if his heart was going to explode. He needed to get away. He sprinted towards the tunnel and broke free into the forest. Maybe he could hunt, that would be good. As he scanned the forest floor he saw a mouse scuffling among the leaves. He went down in a hunters crouch and slowly went towards the mouse, but he wasn't paying attention. His paw stepped on a stick and snapped it. But his reflexes told him to leap so he did. He miscalculated a little so when the mouse ran over to the direction out of the way of his slashing claws, he did a whole swan dive into the river on the Riverclan border.

The cold water soaked his fur and dragged him down into the cold depths. His paws thrashed for a few seconds before he realized it was worthless. Who would notice, anyway? If he were to die? Nobody. Not Squirrelflight. Not Firestar. Not anyone. He let the water drag him down and he shut his eyes, to make it go by faster. Until teeth fastened into his throat and he wanted to yowl in fury. *Who is saving me?! Why couldn't you let me die?!* He was quickly dragged up and was supposed it wasn't a challenge for this cat to pull him up. *Who is this cat, anyway?* As his paws hit solid ground again he collapsed. He felt as if his legs were snapped off they cramped so much from his thrashing. He breathed quickly until a warm paw went on his side. It calmed him down. He opened his eyes. The sunlight beamed in, causing his eyes to shut and for him to jerk his head away. His eyes fluttered open again and he clumsily got to his paws.

He turned around to see his savior, and there he was, Hawkfrost. Ashfur lost his words. He couldn't put his gratitude into mews but

Hawkfrost went up to him. "Why did you not try to save yourself?" He wasn't mad. Just taken aback. Ashfur took one step back. "I.. uhm.. it's a long story." He said, sitting down with an anxious little laugh. Hawkfrost went beside him and sat, his tail flicking on Ashfur's side. "Well, we have a long day too. Tell me." He said, Ashfur looked away. Hawkfrost wouldn't be interested. But he sighed. If Hawkfrost asked, he might as well. "Well.. this she called Squirrelflight.."

After he explained, he felt like a lump had gone out of his throat. "My brother?" Hawkfrost asked. Ashfur nodded. He had almost forgotten that they were brothers. "I just feel like.. Brambleclaw stopped my whole life when he stopped my relationship with Squirrelflight. She was my *everything*.." Tears stung his eyes as he closed them. Hawkfrost's comforting presence was enough reassurance for him. But something stung his nose. A Thunderclan patrol! "We should meet back at nightfall." Hawkfrost said, "Okay, good." Ashfur didn't even know why he was agreeing and why Hawkfrost wanted to meet up again. Hawkfrost skillfully leapt over the river and disappeared in Riverclan territory. He stood up and weaved through the bushes and trees. It was nearly afternoon now.

I should go on the afternoon patrol.

SORRY IT WAS SO LOOONG
I had many ideas so I crammed it into one part so that probably wasn't a good idea 💀

- Confrontation -

ASHFUR POV

The sun sparkled through the trees as Brambleclaw organized patrols. He heard the tom mew. "Alright, Dustpelt, Cloudtail, Hollypaw. You will go on a patrol on the Windclan border." The cats chosen shuffled away and Ashfur sat in the clearing, not having anything to do before nightfall. As he studied his paws, a shadow loomed over him. His head turned up and he shot to his paws in surprise. "Squirrelflight.." he murmured. The she looked nervous. "Listen, Ashfur, I'm sorry for what has been happening.. but I want you to stop giving death glares to Brambleclaw!" She said, slightly raising her voice. Ashfur's claws slowly went out of their sheaths. Who does she thinks she was?! "It's time you stop holding this grudge. I chose Brambleclaw, will you maybe get over it?!"

"I was there for you all the time! You used to tell me how mean Brambleclaw was to you, and I would always comfort you!" He snarled, his eyes starting to sting with tears. He felt eyes burn into his fur. They were attracting attention. Squirrelflight's mouth was slightly open, and her eyes looked around quickly. She was trying to find something to say. "W-well.. Starclan said it was perfect for us to be together!" She spat back, and Ashfur's pelt burned in rage. He felt his neck fur bristle, and his hackles to raising. "Your MOUSE-BRAINED! I would have taken care of you! I would have been nice to you, not only for a few periods of time like.." he hissed the name. "Brambleclaw."

He was tired of this. He turned around quickly, and slowly walked toward the tunnel. He could hear whispering from surrounding cats and some comforting Squirrelflight. *Stupid mouse-brains! I should be the one they are comforting.*. He thought as he pushed his way into the tunnel, his grey pelt brushing the sand. As he broke through into the forest, he seemed to notice in only a one hour it would be nightfall. He walked around, trying to find scents of prey. He couldn't get the quarrel with Squirrelflight out of his mind! He'll try

to hunt to forget about it. But you had a feeling that wouldn't work. Perhaps it could, but he heard pawsteps after him. He felt his grey tail swish. Who was this now? It was Leafpool. "Ashfur, Ashfur wait!" He could hear her paws scamper towards him. "Ashfur.. I'm.. Im concerned about you and Squirrelflight's relationship." He clenched his teeth. His skin boiled with rage. "Yeah, I think anyone would be!" He hissed. He knew this was the medicine cat. Yet, he didn't care. Leafpool seemed unhappy with his response. "Could you try to clear it up with Squirrelflight? M-maybe you guys could be friends!" She mewed, stuttering a tiny bit. He knew she was hesitant.

He didn't even realized his fur was standing up, his tail was lashing, and his unsheathed claws dug into the soft grass. She clearly tried to clear her sentence. "I- u-uh.. it's just an idea! L-like, you don't HAVE to clear thing up with Squirrelflight.. t-that's okay." She was slinking back. She was clearly afraid of the enraged tom. He swung his body to face her. That made her flinch and take one pawstep back. His blue eyes glared into her. Like she wasn't there. It was the sorta death glare that makes you wanna bolt. "No." He snarled. "You would never understand. Any of you!" His voice was cracking. He sounded purely broken up with rage at the end of his sentence. Leafpool opened her mouth to say something, but Ashfur was good as gone. He whisked through the trees skillfully, finding his paws guiding him to the RiverClan border. To much was on his mind, it was almost nightfall! If he hadn't been near the border, he would have forgot about his meeting with Hawkfrost.

He paused his mind. Why did he care so much about the dark brown tom, with accents that look like fallen fresh snow? I mean, his brother was the cat he hated the most, and his father killed Ashfur's mother. Hawkfrost *should* be another enemy. Yet here he is.. sitting near the river waiting to meet up with the sly, muscular tom. The sunrise fell beyond the trees, and the stars of Silverpelt lit up the river. He heard rustling in the bushed on RiverClan territory and saw Hawkfrost emerge. His heart screeched with joy. For some reason he missed Hawkfrost sometimes, he was unsure why though. The skilled tom leaped the border and settled next to Ashfur, whispering in his ear. "I have a plan."

"What is it?" He asked, in a normal voice.

"So Squirrelflight hurt you right?"

The words hit him a spot where it stung. He stared at his paws while he answered. "Yes?"

"I have an idea to hurt her *back*."

The words made his head spring up. "What do we need to do?"

Hawkfrost took a deep inhale before explaining. "So, Firestar is her father, well.. we could take him *away* from her."

His eyes widened. It was a good idea. But.. that was his leader.. but.. also..

"Doesn't he have nine lives? How could we do that?" He asked, his head lightly turning. Hawkfrost's tail entwined with his- he wasn't sure if it was an accident, but Hawkfrost didn't pull away. Neither did Ashfur.

"We take one of those fox traps.."

- Special Starry Cats -

Him and Hawkfrost were skillfully weaving through the trees, trying to find a fox trap. Just a few fox-lengths away from the hollow, which was sorta alarming, a fox trap stood- its wooden end piece dug deep into the dirt and the silvering sharp metal of the noose part. Hawkfrost grunted with satisfaction. "This is *great*." He mrrowed with pleasure. As he stood, staring at the trap which was soon to murder his grand leader, a thought crossed his mind. Wait.. since Brambleclaw is deputy.. then- then he would be leader after Firestar! He had to think of a way.. a way to destroy him. "I-I have a plan inside of this plan." He said, almost hesitantly. Hawkfrost's head turned towards him and his comforting eyes calmed him, and even if Brambleclaw was Hawkfrost's brother, it was still a good plan. "We should make Brambleclaw kill Firestar. make Brambleclaw tighten the fox trap while I get some others to witness the crime.. its a perfect scheme."

Hawkfrost waited there for a second, he could tell he was hesitant. I mean, Brambleclaw was his brother after all. "I like your thinking, Ashfur." The tom nodded, he had made up his mind. "We'll do that, great idea." He mewed, while reinforcing the fox trap a little. It was dug deep into the ground. His paws tingled with satisfaction. "Wait, are we doing it today?" Hawkfrost seemed dazed, he was thinking. "I still need to figure out some things.." he meowed. Ashfur nodded. Sleep tugged at his eyelids and he noticed the sun creeping among the trees. His fur bristled. He didn't sleep at all! Neither did Hawkfrost. He seemed to look around anxiously, as if Thunderclan warriors would leapt from every crevice. Hawkfrost went up to him, comforting him by putting his tail on his shoulder. Ashfur calmed. "We didn't get any sleep!" He mewed, as if he expected Hawkfrost to *not* know that.

"It's fine." The tom meowed. It wasn't fine. "Follow me." He muttered, walking near the Riverclan border but far away from both of their camps. Ashfur, in a sleep deprived daze, followed him, barely being able to lift up each of his paws. As Hawkfrost

approached a small clearing, Ashfur couldn't help but thumping down as soon as his paws hit the smooth sandy surface. He felt body heat to the side of him, and realized Hawkfrost was sleeping next to him. He couldn't care less. Their tails entwined together and for a brief moment he felt butterflies rise in his stomach, before darkness took him and he was asleep.

His eyes opened. He got up and realized Hawkfrost wasn't to the side of him. Probably a good call, since it was midday. He looked around, and realized the trees were rustling, he saw starry cats weave from out of the trees, on each side of him. He was dreaming. One of the starry cats stepped forward. She looked familiar, but just the slightest. "Hello Ashfur." The voice shocked him. It was Bluestar! "I- uhm-" he was lost for words, feeling intimidated by the presence of the powerful Starclan cats. "She wants to tell you the feelings you are feeling are not fake!" He heard a mew rise from one of the starry cats. It was a beautiful tortoiseshell that smelled of a fresh morning new-leaf day, with the flowers blooming. "Quiet Spottedleaf, please." Bluestar hissed. Ashfur had recognized Spottedleaf from stories. He knew she felt familiar. "What is going on?" He had a million other questions, but he turned his head towards Bluestar, who took a deep inhale.

"Enemy to your love, one vengeful night,
To strike claws into his neck, the blood so bright,"

The cats began to fade. Ashfur had a million questions. "Wait what? What?" Ashfur asked, swinging his head around anxiously. Spottedleaf went up to him, mewing at him before she faded away. "Rethink your plans, Ashfur, as you will thank me in the future." The starry she-cat disappeared, and all the other Starclan cats did as well. He sat. Was that a prophecy? Him, Ashfur, needing of a prophecy? He took a deep breath and thought about it again.

Enemy to your love, one vengeful night, to strike claws into his neck, the blood so bright..

Enemy to your love.. Brambleclaw to Squirrelflight? Wait. He thought about it more closely. Before he had more time to think the landscape around him changed and faded, he realized he was waking up.

*Enemy to your love, one vengeful night, to strike claws into **his** neck, the blood so bright.*

Before everything went light again, he had realized. ***His?***

Announcement

HEY

ok I quit this book lol, I think, or maybe I'll come back idkkk 🐿️

the warriors fandom has bored me so if you enjoy my writing check out my other book thatll be published soon.

thanks!

-TWULLEG